

BATMAN  
No. 28

APRIL...MAY  
TEN CENTS



# BAT-MAN



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BATMAN

# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

- THE BOY WONDER -



Like a fourth-dimensional fantasy, a maze of mysterious streets appear and disappear magically in the heart of Gotham City! Rich men seek its deceptive wonders to their sorrow, while lawmen hear only the jeering laughter of that cunning caliph of crime, the JOKER, who rules his Arabian Nights realm with one eye on the cash register and one on his arch-enemy's BATMAN and ROBIN! And those fighting foes of evil, blasting like twin bombshells into temples of illusion, discover that peril, at least, is desperately genuine in ...

**"SHADOW CITY!"**

# BATMAN

GOTHAM CITY'S EL DORADO CLUB IS A HAVEN FOR JADED MULTIMILLIONAIRES...

HOW ABOUT SOME BRIDGE AT TEN DOLLARS A POINT, BANNISTER? OUR FOURTH HAND HAD TO LEAVE.

BAH! I'LL GO TO BED BEFORE I'LL PLAY FOR PEANUTS!

PEANUTS? I'VE DROPPED SIXTEEN THOUSAND, SO FAR!



AS BANNISTER LEAVES...

BETA-MILLION BANNISTER! LAST TIME I SAW YOU WAS IN THE GRAND CASINO IN MONTE CARLO, BEFORE THE WAR!

EH... MONTE CARLO?



I'VE FORGOTTEN YOU, BUT NOT THE CASINO! I BROKE THE BANK AT BACCARAT ONE NIGHT! TOO BAD THEY DON'T HAVE PLACES LIKE THAT IN AMERICA!

BUT THERE ARE EVEN BETTER ONES IN SHADOW CITY!



SHADOW CITY? WHAT STATE IS THAT IN?

IT'S RIGHT HERE! IN GOTHAM CITY--A LITTLE-KNOWN BUT LUXURIOUS CORNER OF THE UNDERWORLD, MADE FOR PLUNTERS LIKE YOU! MILLIONS ARE WON AND LOST THERE EVERY NIGHT!



THIS CARD TELLS YOU WHERE YOU CAN GET A SPECIAL BUS TO SHADOW CITY AT MIDNIGHT. WHY DON'T YOU LOOK IT OVER?

THANKS, I MAY, AT THAT!



NO MAN IS QUITE SAME WHEN STRICKEN WITH THE GAMBLING FEVER--AND SO AT MIDNIGHT...

A FRIEND GAVE ME THIS CARD...

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!

ALL ABOARD FOR SHADOW CITY!



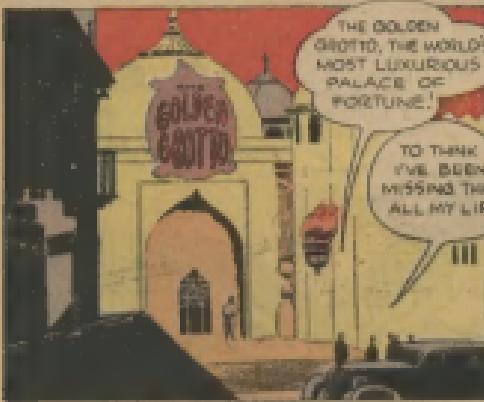
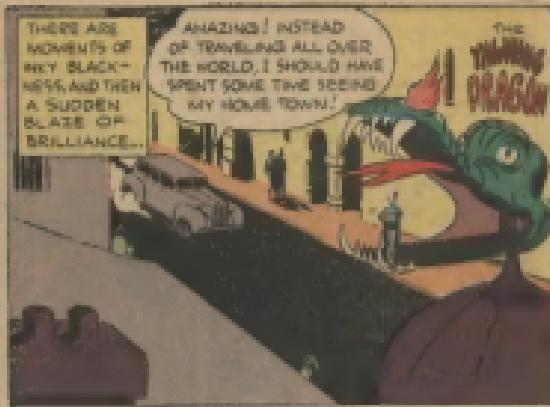
THE CROWDED LIMOUSINE BUS SWINGS INTO AN ALLEY...

YOU'VE BEEN TO SHADOW CITY BEFORE?

HAVE I! I WON EIGHTY GRAND LAST NIGHT, AN' I'M GONNA MAKE A REAL KILLIN' TONIGHT!



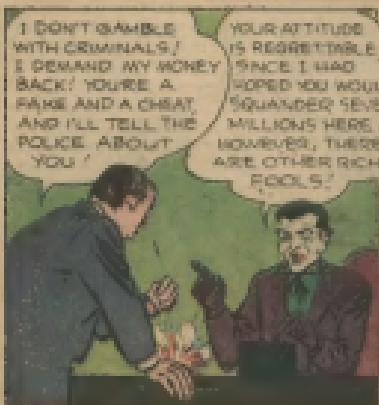
## BATMAN



## BATMAN



YES, THE JOKER -- MIRTHFUL MOUNTAIN BANK OR MISCHIEF AND MENACE, AND TRADITIONAL FOE OF THE MIGHTY BATMAN AND ROBIN! HIS PRESENCE SUDDENLY MAKES SHADOW CITY SEEM SINISTER AND SORDID...



# BATMAN

NOT FAR AWAY, TWO CARED FIGURES FROM THE NIGHT IN SEARCH OF EVIL-DOERS -- AND FIND THEM!

LOOK,  
BATMAN--  
THREE MEN,  
BEATING UP A  
FOURTH!

I GUESS IT'S UP  
TO US TO MAKE  
THE ODDS EVEN!

SUDDENLY...

I'LL KICK HIS  
FACE IN, AN'--  
HMM? OH,  
BATMAN  
AND ROBIN!

CHEE--  
JUST  
WHEN WE  
WERE ENJOYIN'  
OURSELVES!



AND BEFORE THEY CAN SEE CLEARLY AGAIN, THE CRIMINALS HAVE ESCAPED!

WHAT HAPPENED, BATMAN?

THREW A LIGHT BOMB--A NEW TRICK!

DON'T LET THEM BEAT ME ANY MORE!

BET-A-MILLION BANNISTER! HOW DO YOU GET MIXED UP WITH THOSE CROOKS?

GAMBLING CASINO--SHADOW CITY--THE JOKER--

THE VICTIM TELLS HIS FANTASTIC STORY...

...AND THEN THEY BROUGHT ME HERE AND STARTED TO TREAT ME FOR TOWN LIKE SHADOW CITY, BATMAN!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE--BUT LET'S HAVE BANNISTER SHOW US WHERE HE WENT!



# BATMAN

IN THE GARAGE WHERE BANNISTER'S ADVENTURE BEGAN...

"SO HELP ME, I NEVER  
SEEN DIS GUY BEFORE!"

"HE'S LYING!"

"THAT MAY BE  
HARD TO PROVE...  
LET'S LOOK AT  
THE ALLEN..."



"HOPE -- NOTHIN' HAPPENED HERE TONIGHT! BUT YER WELCOME TO LOOK AROUND IF YO LIKE, BATMAN!"

"WE WILL IF YOU DON'T MIND!"

THE BUILDIN' AN'T LIVED FOR NOTHIN' ANY MORE...

IT'S JUSTHERE

IN CASE

O' FREE,

"I MUST BE GOING MAD!"

"MAYBE THAT BEAT-NIG MADE YOU IMAGINE THINGS?"

WHEN BANNISTER HAS BEEN TAKEN HOME IN THE BATMOBILE...

"WHY SHOULD HE MAKE UP THAT FANTASTIC STORY AFTER THOSE THINGS TRIED TO KID HIM? BATMAN?"

"PERHAPS HE DIDN'T. IT WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME THE JOKER HAS OPERATED BEHIND A SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE SET-UP!"



NEXT EVENING, BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON ENTERTAIN FELIX LATHEOB, A RICH PLAYBOY FAMED FOR DAREDEVIL EXPLOITS...

"YOU MUST FIND LIFE DULL, FELIX, NOW THAT YOU CAN'T HUNT TIGERS IN INDIA, EXPLORE AFRICA, OR CLIMB MOUNTAINS IN TIBET!"

"YES--BUT I HEAR THERE'S AN EXCITING PLACE RIGHT HERE CALLED SHADOW CITY!"

"WHAT?"

I MET A MAN TODAY--A TALL MYSTERIOUS FELLOW WHO REMINDED ME OF SOMEONE I'VE SEEN SOMEWHERE--AND HE TOLD ME ABOUT IT! HE'S PROMISED ME THE MOST DRAMATIC ADVENTURE OF MY LIFE TONIGHT!

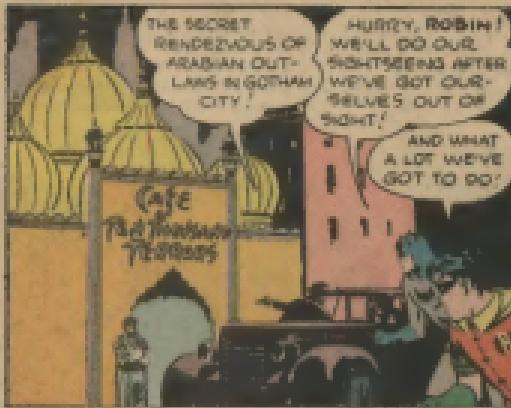
"VERY INTERESTING."



## BATMAN



## BATMAN



FELIX LATHEOP HAS VISITED MANY  
GLAMOROUS SCENES - BUT NONE  
MORE THRILLING THAN THIS!

IT'S WORTH PLENTY TO FIND  
A PLACE LIKE THIS WITHOUT  
TRAVELING HALF  
AROUND THE  
WORLD!

EFFENDI, HAVE  
YOU THE COURAGE TO  
ENTER THE CAFE OF  
TEN TOSHAH TERRORS  
-- YES?



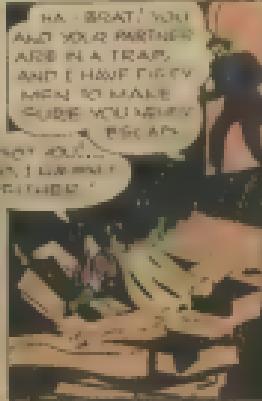
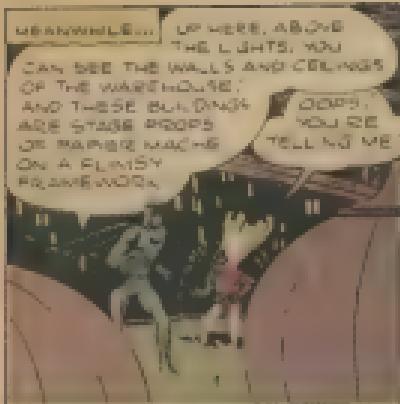
BUT HARDLY HAS FELIX BREATHED HIM-  
SELF WHEN THE MUSIC AND DANCING  
CHASE, AND THE "EASTERN" THIEVES  
CONVERSE IN FAMILIAR ACCENTS!

SO I PULLS  
ME BAT MAN!" SAYS, "SCRAM,  
COPPER!"

PHONIES —  
ALL OF THEM!...  
WALTER!



MATHAN



# BATMAN

LEAPING OVER THE WRITHING FORMS OF THE GUNMEN, THE HEROES SEE...

THERE HE GOES! I WARN YOU, I'LL HAVE TO TURN ON THE HEAT IF YOU PERSIST IN ANNOYING ME!

AND HERE WE GO!



AND NOW WHILE BATMAN AND ROBIN VANISH IN SMOKE, I'LL CASH LATHROP'S CHECK AND SET THE STAGE FOR FUTURE TOURISTS IN SHADOW CITY!

HA, HA, HA,

HA, HA!



A HEAVE OF THE BATMAN'S POWERFUL MUSCLES, AND THE BOY WONDER ROCKETS THROUGH THE AIR...

TRY TO LAND ON YOUR FEET!

IF I FALL IN THE FLAMES, IT'S ALL OVER!



WITHIN THE DRAGON'S HEAD, THE JOKER PULLS A LEVER, AND...

GEE, WHAT I MEAN?

WERE HEMMED IN BY FLAMES! WE CAN'T MOVE!

AND WE CAN'T STAY EITHER - IF WE WANT TO KEEP LIVING!



LEFT ALONE, BATMAN AND ROBIN TRY A DESPERATE MANEUVER...

I CAN'T STAND IT!

ALL RIGHT, ROBIN - FOOT IN MY HANDS, AND HANDS ON MY SHOULDERS!



AN INSTANT LATER... GREAT SCOTT - THE BUILDING'S ON FIRE! THE WHOLE SET-UP WILL BURN LIKE THUNDER!





## BATMAN



SEEING THE LEAPING FLAMES, THE JOKER MAKES A DASH FOR SAFETY...

EHEH! WE GOTTA GET OUT!

MOVE OVER, RAR!  
SINCE WE CAN'T ALL  
RIDE, I'LL TAKE THE  
COURT AND YOU ALONE.

DA CAR. IT'S  
DA JOKY WAY.

THE CAR WIRCHES FORWARD AND HALTS AGAINST A CUSHIONED BARRIER...

WHY, DA  
DODGY  
DOUBLE-  
CROSSIN'  
FEAT!

UH-OH. THE CAR HAS HIT SOMETHING AND STOPPED, BUT THE WHEELS ARE STILL TURNIN'. THE BREEZE IN OUR FACES.



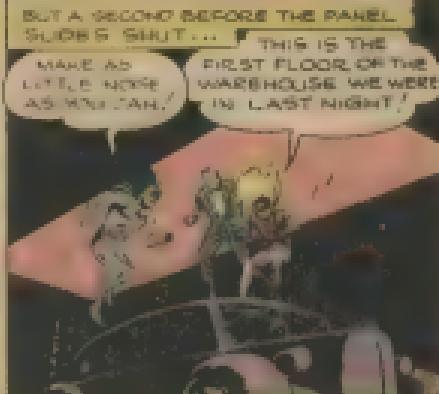
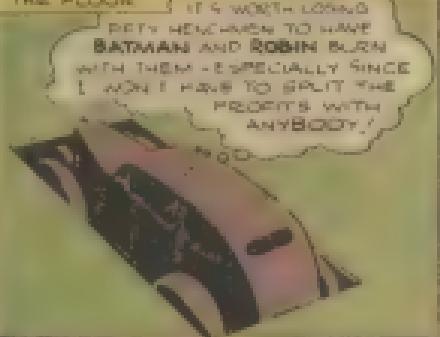
AND AS THE TERRORWALL MOVES, HYDRAULIC MACHINERY LOWERS THE CAR THROUGH THE FLOOR.

IT'S WORTH LOSING  
BETTY HEATHAWK TO HAVE  
BATMAN AND ROBIN BURN  
WITH THEM - ESPECIALLY SINCE  
I WON'T HAVE TO SPLIT THE  
FREONTS WITH ANYBODY!

BUT A SECOND BEFORE THE PANEL SLIDES SHUT...

MAKE AD  
LITTLE NOISE  
AS YOU JAH!

THIS IS THE  
FIRST FLOOR OF THE  
WAREHOUSE WE WERE  
IN LAST NIGHT!





THE JOKER ADDUCES A SELF-CONGRATULATION... ☺

"...NONE OF MY GANG  
WILL BE LEFT TO SQUEAL.  
—AND BATMAN AND  
ROBIN ARE FINISHED.  
WHAT MORE COULD  
I ASK?"

TRY AGAIN  
THE JUDGE  
IS IN AGREE.

ON THE  
WARDEN  
FOR A  
VACATION.

НУНГ.  
АДА-АД-А-А...

FIRE AND  
POLICE  
ALARMS ARE  
TURNED IN,  
AND MINUTES  
LATER . . .

THAT'S ALL OF THE  
CROOKS—AND ALL  
BUT THEY'LL MAKE  
A CHUMBY BOR.  
THE JOKER  
WHEN THEY'RE  
IN PRISON  
TAKES THEM.

AND I  
THOUGHT  
I'D HAD  
EXCITING  
ADVENTURES  
BESIDE."

### SOME DATES - LITERATURE

THESE  
WILL  
BE  
REMOVED  
COMPLETELY

YES... AND  
SO HAS FEUD  
LATER ON?

INSTEAD OF  
SEARCHING THE WORLD  
FOR THRILLS, LATHROP  
IS DENONTING HIS FOR FUN  
TO A FOUNDATION  
TO COMBAT  
CRIME—WITH  
BATMAN AND  
ROBIN AS  
DIRECTORS!

THAT'S  
THE  
BEST  
NEWS  
YET!

THE JOKER  
REALLY  
DOES SOME  
GOOD NOW  
AND THEN  
WITHOUT  
INTENDING  
TO, DOESN'T  
HE?

DON'T GIVE  
HIM TOO MUCH  
CREDIT... IF  
IT WASN'T FOR  
CROOKS LIKE  
HIM, THERE'D  
BE NO NEED  
FOR MEN TO  
FIGHT CRIME  
AND GAMBLING!

卷之三

# LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries



"Gee! It's good to hear your voice again, Sergeant!"

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*Last Longer*  
Longer Life Than Any Other Brand

**EVEREADY**



# The Adventures of ALFRED

**A**LFRED, THE FEEBLE-ES-  
BUTLER, HAS HIS OWN UN-  
ORDINARY METHODS OF  
TRAPPING CRIMINALS! AND  
HE VICTIMS WITH THE VENOM  
IN THEIR IRON CHAINS. AS  
THE AMATEUR DETECTIVE  
DISPLAYS HIS FEATS AS  
"THE GREAT HANDCUFF  
KING!"



ALFRED, ALIBI THOUS AS EVER, READS AN AD RIGHT UP HIS ALLEY!

"WHEW, HANDCUFFS...  
...AN EXCEEDINGLY USEFUL  
DEVICE FOR TAKING CARE  
OF CRIMINALS ONCE I'VE  
CAUGHT THEM!"

"I MUST LEARN  
HOW TO SNAP THEM  
ON A SUBDUED THIEF!  
I SHALL BUY SEVERAL  
PAIR AND PRACTICE  
WITH THEM."



LATER THAT DAY...

"RONNY LOWNDES WILL BE  
INTERESTED IN SEEING MY  
PURCHASE! I THINK HE WANTS  
TO BE A DETECTIVE HIMSELF,  
BUT HE HASN'T ANY TALENT FOR  
IT, POOR CHAP!"

"AH, RONNY, I'VE GOT  
SOMETHING VERY INTER-  
ESTING TO SHOW  
YOU!"



"BUT GREAT SCOTT,  
YOU'RE NOT RONNY JUST YET!  
HE'S DRASTICALLY  
IMPROVED TO  
THE OLD CHAPP!"

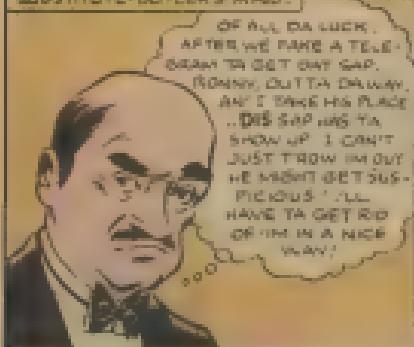
"NO HE  
ISN'T RONNY JUST YET!  
HE'S DRASTICALLY  
IMPROVED TO  
THE OLD CHAPP!"

"NO HE  
ISN'T RONNY JUST YET!  
HE'S DRASTICALLY  
IMPROVED TO  
THE OLD CHAPP!"



# BATMAN

AD ALFRED EXPRESSES REGRETS, UN-BUTLERLIKE THOUGHTS FLIT THROUGH THE SUBSTITUTE-BUTLER'S MIND!



OF ALL DA LUCK,  
AFTER WE FAME A TELE-  
GRAM TA GET DAT GUY,  
RONNIE, OUTTA DAWAY.  
AN' I TAKE HIS PLACE  
...DES SAP HAD TA  
SHOW UP. I CAN'T  
JUST TROW IM OUT  
HE MIGHT GET SUS-  
PICIOUS. I'LL  
HAVE TA GET RID  
OF 'IM IN A NICE  
WAY!

BUT ALFRED IS TOO ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT HIS LATEST PURCHASE TO TAKE HINTS! AND PRESENTLY...



PERHAPS  
HELL BE AS  
INTERESTED AS  
RONNIE WOULD.

ED, YOURE  
INTERESTED  
IN CRIME,  
ARE YOU  
NOT?

ALI! PURE,  
PAL!  
FIL KID IM  
ALONG AN'  
MAYBE GET  
END OF THIS-BE-  
FORE DA BOVS  
SHOW UP!

NOW IF YOU WERE A CRIMINAL IN MY CHARGE, THESE HANDCUFFS WOULD ENABLE ME TO TAKE CARE OF YOU WITHOUT HAMPERING MY OWN ACTIVITIES! OBSERVE...



THE HAND MAN BE QUICHER  
THAN THE EYE, BUT THE COOPS  
ARE QUICHER THAN THE HAND! UNEXPECTEDLY...



HEAT ANIT  
THE WORD  
FOR IT! GET  
ME OUT OF  
THIS, NA SAP.  
TUT, TUT.  
NO NEED TO  
GET EXCITED!  
I SIMPLY TURN  
THE KEY,  
AND...



GOODNESS GRACIOUS.  
I DON'T SEEM TO HAVE  
THE KEY!

AND AT THIS MOMENT...

SOMEONE  
AT THE  
WINDOW!



IT'S DA BOVS  
I GOTTA TALK  
FAST!

I FORGOT TA TELL YA...  
I DIDNT WANT US TA BE  
INTERRUPTED, SO I  
DISCONNECTED DA DOOR-  
BELL! BUT DESSE GUYS  
ARE PLUMBERS. HERE TA  
TA A LEAK; LET 'EM IN!

# BATMAN

ALWAYS WILLING TO OBLIGE! BUT I'VE NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING AS PLUMBERS ENTERING THROUGH A WINDOW! I'LL LET THEM IN THROUGH THE PERLANTS' ENTRANCE!

NO ANSWER! SLICK MUSTA FALLEN DOWN ON DA JOB!

THIS WAY, MY GOOD FELLOWS!

MY FRIEND, Slick, IS, ER, SLIGHTLY INCAPACITATED; BUT I TRUST YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO?

SURE, PAL, IT WON'T TAKE US LONG!

HMM... SLICK AINT HERE... BUT ER, GUY'S INVITIN' US IN!



HERE'S DA SAFE, LET'S GO!

WHAT...? PLUMBERS TO FIX A SAFE?

GOOD GRACIOUS... THEY'RE OPENING THE SAFE! THEY'RE NOT PLUMBERS AT ALL... THEY'RE THIEVES!

DIS OR LL CUTS THROUGH DA IRON LIKE IT WAS CHEESE.



HEY! GET IN HERE! HE'S GONE WACKO!

YEAH! GET 'IM OFF ME, MICE!

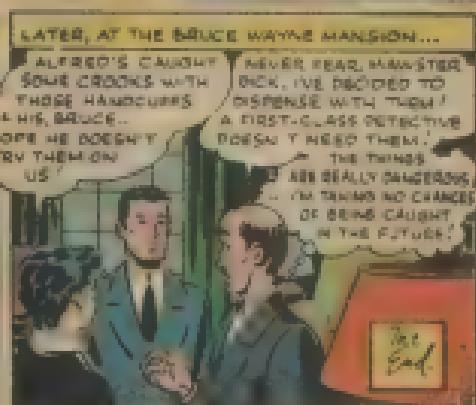
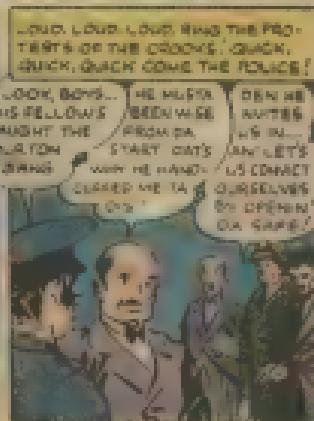
JUST A SECOND, SLICK... I'LL FIX HIM WHO HAS OWN HANDCUFFS!

HELP! POLICE!



STOP, THIEF! HELP, POLICE.





ADVERTISING

# ADVENTURES OF "D.C." AND QUICKE

## CIRCUS TERROR!

SUPPER AT CAFE  
TEATRICALS IN JOKOM  
IS THIS AN ACT?

HELP!

IT IS IT EVER  
WERE REHEARSED?  
CROWN.

WHERE YOU  
GOING? YOU WANT  
ME TO CHASE  
YOU?

"T.D. AND OFFICIALS  
ARE AT THE CIRCUS.  
WHICH SUDDENLY  
SHRIEK SCREAMS."

"YOU CATCH THE  
IDEA. HEAD FOR  
THE CENTER RING  
BEFORE THE LION  
CATCHES UP!"

"WHY NOW? I WAS  
BACK IN MY SEAT  
DRINKING MY  
ROYAL CROWN  
COLA."

"JUST AS I THOUGHT. HE'S  
BETTER UP! GRAB THAT POLE  
AND GET READY TO SWING  
IT OUT!"

"BETTER YOUNG WE COME IN  
THE COLD WE FELL OUT THE  
BLINDFOLDS AND THE NET PAULS  
AND TRADE THEM."

"THE BOYS RACE UNDER THE HEAVY AERIAL SAFETY NET HANGING OVER  
THE CENTER RING. T.D. GRABS ONE OF THE SUPPORTING POLES."

"I TALKED!  
WE SHARED IT!  
WE'RE GOING  
QUICK!"

"ROYAL CROWN COLA  
IT GIVES YOU  
A FRESH START!"

"FAST TURNABOUT BOYS!  
I DON'T KNOW HOW  
WE CAN THANK YOU  
ENOUGH!"

"I KNOW HOW YOU  
GIRL FRIENDS, MR. SIR,  
AND THE SOONER  
THE BETTER!"

"SEEING THAT IT'S TIME TO BIRD, SOME CLOWNS RUSH  
AND DROP THE REMAINING SUPPORTS!"

"GEE, YOURS  
HONORABLE!"

"NO WONDER, TO  
ACROSS THE STAGE THE  
BEST-TASTING COLA  
OF THEM ALL!"

DUNCAN RENALDO SAYS:

"BITTO, FELLAS!  
IT DOES TASTE BEST!"

"I AM DUNCAN RENALDO.  
I AM A STARS, AND DUNCAN  
RENALDO. DUNCAN RENALDO, THE  
GREATEST ACTOR IN THE WORLD.  
BUT, DUNCAN RENALDO,  
HE'S A HUMAN BEING, AND HE'S  
HUNGRY, SO HE DRINKS  
ROYAL CROWN COLA.  
IT'S THE BEST TASTING COLA  
IN THE WORLD."

ROYAL CROWN  
COLA  
Drank by Stars Best."



# PRIVATE PETE



WORN BY  
COMMANDOS  
PARATROOPERS  
RANGERS  
MOUNTAIN MEN

## Look, Fellows... A REAL U.S. ARMY PLASTIC HELMET!



THAT'S RIGHT! HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO OWN A GENUINE U.S. ARMY PLASTIC HELMET LINER, RELEASED BY OUR GOVERNMENT BECAUSE OF SLIGHT IMPERFECTIONS. THESE TOUGH, RUGGED HELMETS CAN REALLY TAKE IT. COMPLETE WITH ADJUSTABLE HEADBAND AND CHIN STRAP WITH BUCKLES... IN NATURAL CAMOUFLAGE - MOTTLED GREEN. SPECIALLY PRICED TO YOU AT \$1.00 EACH. YOU -- AND YOUR PALS -- GET YOUR HELMETS RIGHT AWAY!

**CAMOUFLAGE  
NET!** DESIGNED  
TO FIT OVER HELMET  
HOLDS LEAVES, GRASS  
ETC. KEEP IT IN PLACE  
DODGE ACE HELMET

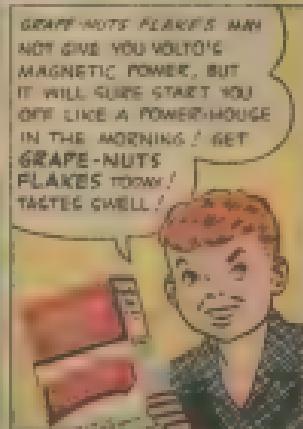
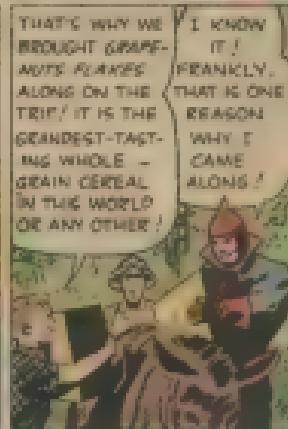
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TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN** BLUE NETWORK MON. THRU FRI.

BATMAN

# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

- THE BOY WON

ONCE AGAIN

WE BRING YOU A TALE  
OF A BRANCH OF OUR LAW  
ENFORCEMENT SQUADS.  
THESE OFFICERS ARE QUICK,  
INTELLIGENT AND BRAVE. USUALLY,  
THEY DON'T WEAR UNIFORMS.  
THEY ARE A PLAINCLOTHED  
SQUAD... AND THEY WEAR SHIRTS!

YES, THIS IS A TALE OF WOMEN  
WITH POWDER ON THEIR CHEEKS  
AND GUNPOWDER IN THEIR FISTS.  
THIS IS A STORY OF ONE OF THEM  
AND HOW SHE MET BATMAN,

ROBIN AND ALFRED. INTRODUCING  
"SHIRLEY HOLMES,  
POLICEWOMAN!"



# BATMAN

IN THE SPRING, A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY TURNS TO WALKS IN THE PARK. AND ALFRED IS NO EXCEPTION...

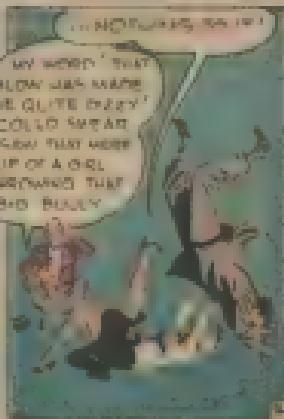


AND IN THE PARK THERE IS ALWAYS A PRETTY GIRL... AND ALMOST ALWAYS A BULLY!

HITA, KID  
HOW'S ABOUT YOU  
IN ME GETTIN'  
BETTER AC-  
QUAINTED?



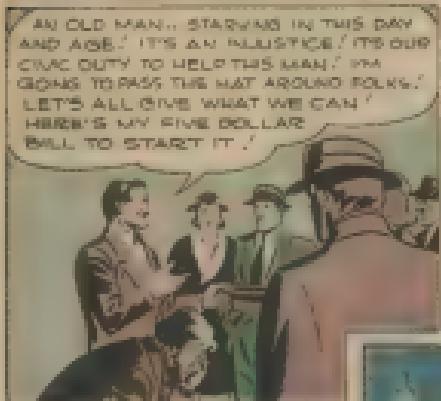
NO, THANKS!  
NOW PLEASE GET  
OUT OF MY WAY  
BEFORE YOU'RE  
WORRY!



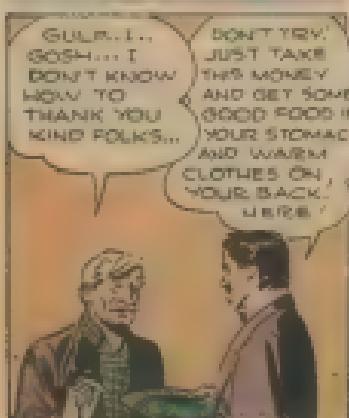
## BATMAN



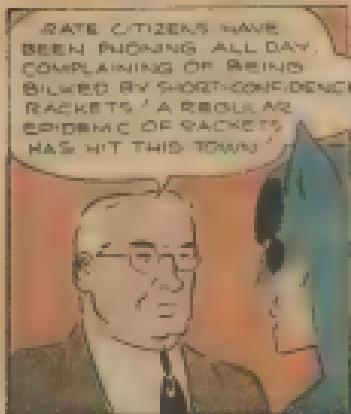
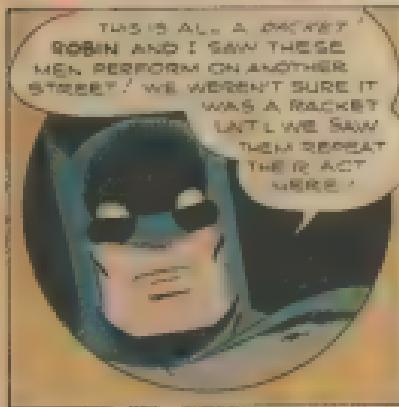
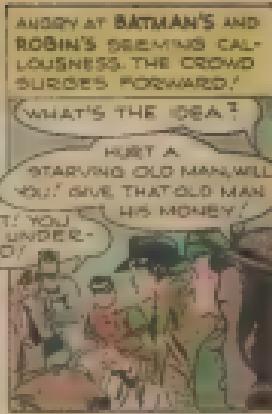
## BATMAN



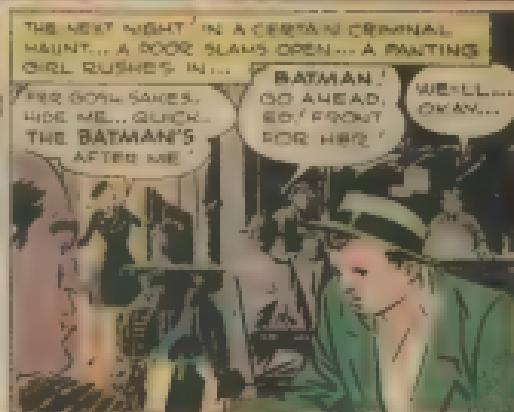
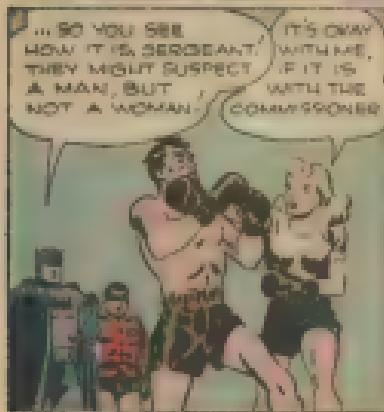
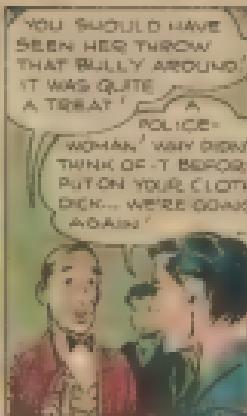
HERE'S MY DOLLAR! I CAN SPARE A HALF!



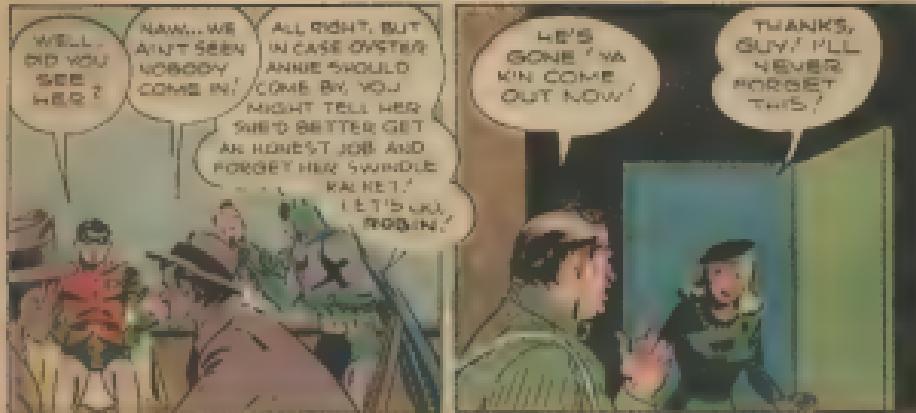
# BATMAN



## BATMAN

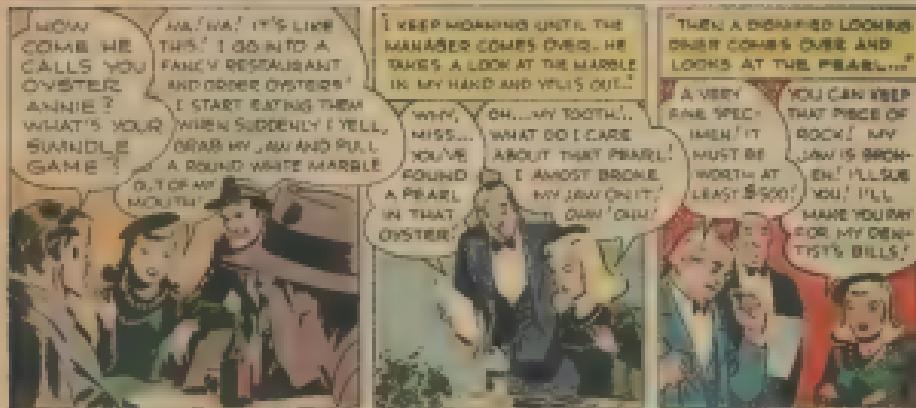


# BATMAN



HE'S GONE 'YA  
GIN COME OUT NOW!

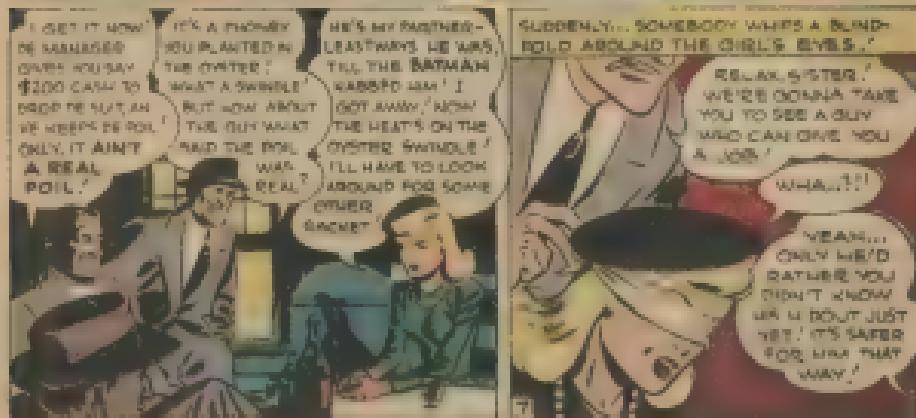
THANKS,  
GUY! I'LL  
NEVER  
FORGET  
THIS!



I KEEP WORKING UNTIL THE MANAGER COMES OVER. HE TAKES A LOOK AT THE MARBLE IN MY HAND AND YELLS OUT:

"THEN A DISAPPOINTED LOOKING OWNER COMES OVER AND LOOKS AT THE PEARL..."

"A VERY RARE SPECIMEN! IT MUST BE WORTH AT LEAST \$500! YOU CAN KEEP THAT PIECE OF ROCK! MY JAW IS BROKEN! PLEASE, NAME YOUR PRICE FOR MY DENTIST'S BILLS!"





## BATMAN

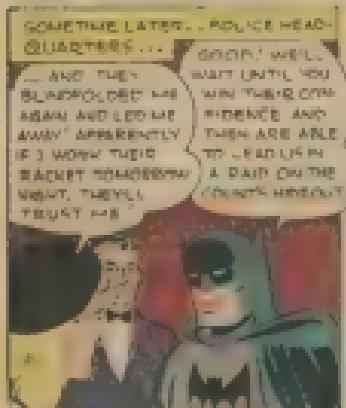


"OH, I'VE HEARD OF YOU! YOU'RE ONE MAN TO LIKE WORKING WITH!"

"WE'VE BEEN DISCUSSING YOU, MISTER ANNIE! I WELCOME YOU TO OUR MIGHT! I AM MICHAEL STRAHN... ALSO THE COUNT!"

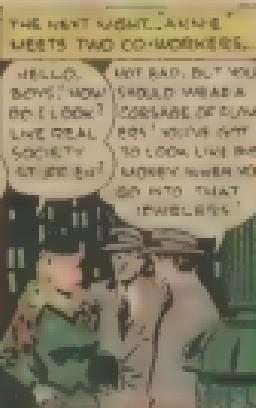


"NOT 'WITH'... FOR! I'M RUNNING THINGS! I'VE ORGANIZED BUNCO RACKETS IN THIS TOWN! NOW, IF YOU PERFORM WELL, IT WILL PAY YOU WELL. COME CLOSER AND LISTEN CAREFULLY!"



SOME TIME LATER... BOUNCE HEADQUARTERS...

"...AND THEN BLINDFOLDED ME AGAIN AND LED ME AWAY! APPARENTLY IF I WORK THESE BACON RACKETS RIGHT, THEY'LL TRUST ME!"



THE NEXT NIGHT... ANNIE MEETS TWO CO-WORKERS...

"HELLO, BOY! HOW DO I LOOK? I LOOK LIKE REAL SOCIETY, DON'T I?"

"NOT BAD, BUT YOU SHOULD WEAR A COUPLE OF DOLLARS' WORTH OF JEWELRY WHEN YOU GO INTO THAT JEWELERS'"



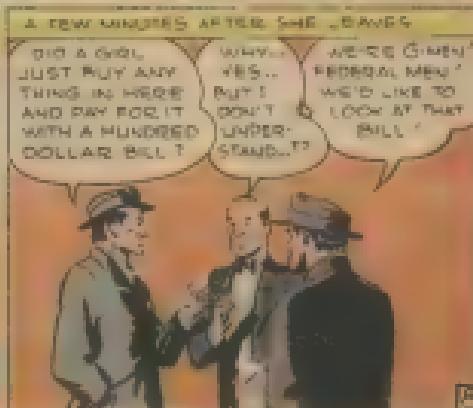
NOVELTY  
JEWELRY



A MINUTE LATER... MISTER ANNIE HAS MADE A PURCHASE IN A FASHIONABLE JEWELRY SHOP...

"AS LONG AS THE RING'S PRICE, INCLUDING TAX, IS EXACTLY A HUNDRED DOLLAR, I'LL PAY FOR IT WITH THIS HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL... THAT IS, IF YOU DON'T MIND!"

"OF COURSE NOT, MADAM! THANK YOU AND CALL AGAIN!"



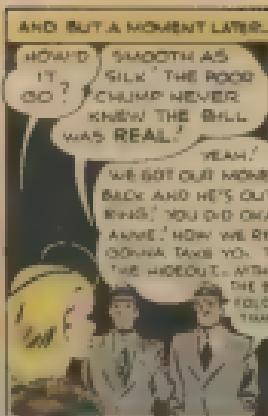
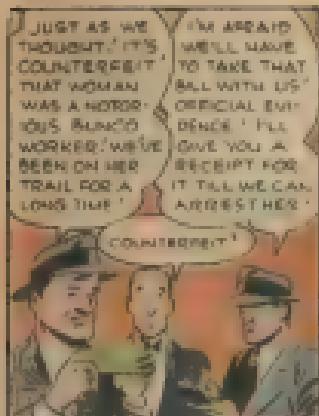
A FEW MINUTES AFTER SHE LEAVES

"DID A GIRL JUST BUY ANYTHING IN HERE AND PAY FOR IT WITH A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL?"

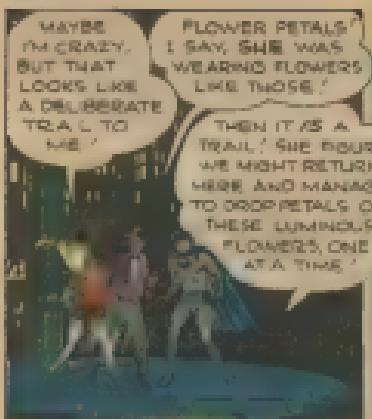
"WHY... YES... BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND..."

"WHERE G-MEN RECRUIT MEN? WE'D LIKE TO LOOK AT THAT BILL!"

## BATMAN



## BATMAN



BATMAN



# Want to be a

FAMOUS COACHES AND  
HOW TO



NOW! You can have expert coaching from world famous sports authorities. You can learn to understand, simple, valuable pointers from champion-coaching coaches and champion athletes. Top notch tips that may help give you an edge in competitive sports... maybe just a lead on your school or neighborhood team.

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PLAY A BETTER GAME...IN

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- \* WANT TO BE A TRACK & FIELD CHAMPION? by Tom Jones (Field Event) Famous Track Coach, University of Wisconsin.

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Attack the weak link part of an athlete's training program as bring most important, most famous coaches and star performers say "poor diet." That's one reason why big bowls of milk, eggs, and Wheaties Breakfast of Champions are a winning table favorite. Overcooked whole grain breakfast cereal is too dry and tasteless. And delicious, nutritious, sweet cereal flavor. Smart idea to give yourself a winning start every morning. Put it in your bag for lots of Wheaties. Famous "Breakfast of Champions."

### Want to be a Champion . . . .

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Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Want to be a Tennis Champion? \_\_\_\_\_  
Want to be a Golf Champion? \_\_\_\_\_  
Want to be a Softball Champion? \_\_\_\_\_  
Want to be a Football Champion? \_\_\_\_\_  
Want to be a Basketball Champion? \_\_\_\_\_  
Want to be a Track & Field Champion? \_\_\_\_\_  
Want to be a Swimming Champion? \_\_\_\_\_  
Want to be a Bowling Champion? \_\_\_\_\_  
Want to be a Track & Field Champion? \_\_\_\_\_  
Want to be a Basketball Champion? \_\_\_\_\_  
Want to be a Tennis Champion? \_\_\_\_\_  
Want to be a Golf Champion? \_\_\_\_\_  
Want to be a Softball Champion? \_\_\_\_\_  
Want to be a Football Champion? \_\_\_\_\_  
Want to be a Basketball Champion? \_\_\_\_\_  
Want to be a Track & Field Champion? \_\_\_\_\_  
Want to be a Swimming Champion? \_\_\_\_\_  
Want to be a Bowling Champion? \_\_\_\_\_  
Want to be a Track & Field Champion? \_\_\_\_\_  
Want to be a Basketball Champion? \_\_\_\_\_

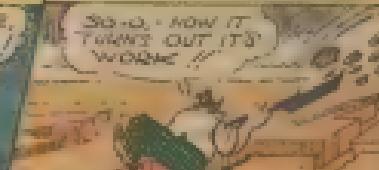
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# HANDY ANDY

DO YOU GO IN FOR THE BETTER THINGS? PLEASE, SIR? — I'D SO MUCH PREFER A TASTY LITTLE COKE CUPCAKE. YOU CAN HAVE EIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME GARDEN. LISTEN! —

FIRST: OH, "WONDERFUL, SAW MEET UP STREAM-MELTING  
DEPARTMENT." JAW TOO, SOOTHELY A COUPLE IN DILAPIDATED  
BED-CHAMBER. "I'M HERE WITH YOU, — WHO CARES?"

INSTILL IT (FACT) IN YOUR  
MIND: GARDEN ALREADY THERE  
IN OUR HOUSE BEHIND THE CLOSET.



NEXT, AND THIS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE! PAY UP  
A HEADING BATCH OF WHEAT FLOUR, BROWN  
BRAVING POWDER, AND ADD A DASH OF SPICE,  
CLOVERED WITH CO. OR CINNAMON. — PLANT.

NOW CONNECT STREAM-MELTING  
WIRE DIRECTLY TO CONTROL LEVER ON  
YOUR HOME FRONT PORCH, AT SHOWN. —



IF YOU'VE FOLLOWED DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY UP  
TO THIS POINT, YOU MAY FEEL ASSURED THAT  
YOU ARE NOW GOOD PLACES. — NOT COVER  
THE ENTIRE AREA WITH BISCUIT BAND  
UPONCE DOWN!

FINALLY, JUST ROCK ON HOME FRONT  
PORCH UNTIL CROP IS RIPE. THEN  
SUDDENLY TURN ON THE HEAT!



# ONCE A FIGHTER

by Stan Carter

HE had gotten the paper that morning. Then, when he had read the story, he had reached out and gotten the rest of the papers. He had been too weak after that to go out for the afternoon editions. The colored elevator operator had gotten them for him. The same man brought back the early evening's, too.

In between, he had done a lot of thinking. An awful lot. For just a minute now, sitting in the dimly room as twilight stole over the sky, a grim smile played on his battered face.

It wasn't a pretty face to look at, neither. No pug's face is pretty when it has been trap-hammered for years. His had.

He was what the candlestick trade called a "cunker," home people, especially smart sparrows, called them "rooks." He had gotten used to that, though. For a long time he had taken pride in his trade. He had tool'd the sparrow-sites, too. Plenty of times he had tool'd them, son bitches.

And all these years he had had the last laugh. Unlike other guys in his racket, legitimate guys, he had made dough, and made it fast. He brought up the bed after Madge died, and the bed had never known no man than Madge had.

You, he could never be sure about Madge. She had been such a wonderful wife. And an even more wonderful mother, while that lasted. Her death had made her pretty bitter, too. It had been a lucky thing she had made her promise to look after Jack. "Make him proud of you, Kid," she had a hissed. "Make him look up to you."

Well, he had tried. He sure had tried. The boy never had seen him fight. He had thought his father was only a handler. He had never known Kid Brady

as the best dive artist on the game.

Into the dinner room now, the last of the day's heat floated up from the noisy sidewalk. Outside on Forty-seventh street, the car horn blared, and taxi drivers screamed at pedestrians and drivers, and the pedestrians and the drivers yelled back. From somewhere down the block, a hurdy-gurdy ground out "Sweet Rose O'Grady." Then the music stopped, and anybody who knew Forty-seventh street knew Murphy, the cog on Sixth Avenue, had chased the Italian away again.

And suddenly, it seemed still there in the room again. And Kid Brady seemed to feel himself growing older by the minute. He rubbed his wet palms together, but he didn't take his eyes from the pile of papers lying on the trayed, faded excuse for a carpet the Macreps had selected as selected carpets.

The very words from the newspapers danced before Kid Brady's eyes, and then were still. And then they danced again and were still again. And danced again until he seemed to pierce his big, broken hands to his mismatched ears and say, "Lemme alone. Lemme alone."

But he knew that wasn't the way to get rid of the feeling. He knew he couldn't escape what he had been reading so hungrily, so worriedly from early morning until now. The story of the fight those Marines had put up to take Saipan. It was a story of courage, and Kid Brady knew it. It was a story a fighter would want to read and, if he were any kind of a man, would want to be part of.

Even if the man were an old man, he'd want to be part of it.

"And I'm an old man," Kid

Brady said hoarsely to himself in the silence of the room. "I'm an old man, and I'm going to fight tonight too."

The fight was different, though. These boys out in Saipan hadn't gone in to give up. They had gone in to slug and to win.

And they had won.

Kid Brady's tongue flicked across his parched, burning lips. "I'm no winner," he said, "and I know it. I knew it long ago. And I think Madge did, too."

He was trying to defend himself. Only he knew, in his heart, he wasn't doing it as cleverly as he might have done in the ring. Cleverness in defense was his stock in trade these days. It was the stock in trade of any old man in the ring, who wanted to stay in and get those hits before hitting the canvas in a faked dive. It saved off a lot of beatings and hospital trips, cleverness did.

A knock on his belt aperight. It was Efrem, the colored boy. "You better get moving, Kid," he said. "If you're gonna fight tonight." The colored boy's eyes were sympathetic. "I sure hope you win tonight, Boss."

"Thanks, Efrem." He got up and went out, past the way he was. No baggage. Travel light, as always. So there he was, in a cheap blue polo shirt and tan slacks and sport shoes.

Nobody except Cohen, who handled traffic around the Palace, paid any attention to him. Cohen, though, called "Hi, Kid. Off to the war again?" And Kid Brady nodded and waved back.

He felt awfully tired. Awfully old. And maybe that's why the import of Cohen's words didn't hit him until he was on Eighth Avenue, and getting ready to swing through that familiar entrance where

the fighters went to their dressing room.

"Off to the war, again?" His mouthed lips played with the words, swished them around in his mouth like so much buckshot. And there they stayed, even while he was getting out of his clothes and out his ring tags.

He was fighting a prelim as usual. His job was to make Lefty Harkness look good, then take a dive. It was a job for Al Palmer, and Al had always paid well. Al was a nice guy.

The Harkness was a good fighter, too. He was cheap material, and he didn't even know Palmer was handing him set-ups to gain confidence. Al was a smart guy that way. And like Kid Brady always said, what people didn't know wouldn't hurt them. He, Kid Brady, would go out in the second stanza, and Harkness would get more confidence. Then, after a few more set-ups, during which the left-hander would get more experience, the tough stuff would make itself felt.

Well, Harkness wouldn't have to worry. He'd be a champ someday. Kid Brady had seen enough fighters to know a champ in the making.

The door opened.

Palmer slid in. "Hi, Kid. Just dropped in to make sure everything's okay. Gotta get right out before some news reporter sees me." He paused, looked at Kid Brady, who was sitting on the rubbing table. The green-shaded light shone down on the Kid's tired face. "See, what's matter, Kid, don't you feel good? You don't look good."

Alarmed, he was. The Kid was always a good man to have around.

"I'm okay," Kid Brady said. "Yeah, I'm okay."

"Whew. You had me worried. Don't forget, Kid, the second you take a dive. And look out for that right. Lefty's got plenty in that paw, too."

He slid toward the door, looked back in indecision for a moment, shook his head, then

went out. "Aw, I can treat Brady," he told himself in the damp corridor. "I'm gonna' to be an old lady worrying about him." He moved rapidly down the corridor toward Harkness' dressing room, as he saw one of the boys from Wherry Blumstein's Gym approaching. Blumstein's lad would second Kid Brady.

Good thing he didn't go back. It would have worried him to have heard Blumstein's boy say: "Hey, Kid, what's matter? You don't look the same tonight."

No, Kid Brady wasn't the same either. He was wearing something in his eye he hadn't had there for years, a tortured look. And when Blumstein's boy, to make conversation, spoke about the way the war was going, the pain was intensified. Kid Brady was thinking plenty about war. Had thought about it for long and torturing hours, too. It was the kind of thinking that hurt. But that kind of thinking gets results. And rewards. When Kid Brady entered the Garden ring fifteen minutes later, the hurt was gone out of those eyes. There were bright and shining, and nobody noticed

them either. That's because people are still coming in, even when the second prelim bout is on.

So a lot of people missed it. But Harkness' friends didn't. They saw it all. The people who missed it read about it next day in the sports pages, and then they were sorry they hadn't arrived early. Dick McGinn summed it up, though, in the lead of his column "On the Garrison" next day, when he said:

"An ancient gladiator of the ring brought an early, apathetic audience in the Garden to its feet last night. Wild frenzied cheering marked four rounds of the greatest exhibition these six-bagged eyes have ever seen, when Kid Brady fought the young Lefty Harkness to a standstill in the card's debut spot."

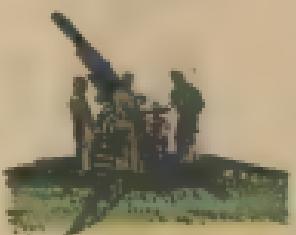
"From the time the first bell rang, Brady took everything Harkness could hand out—and the kid from Herkimer packed a thunderbolt in every movement

and came back for more. For sixteen minutes, which included between rounds rest, the crowd was on its feet in an unparallelled tribute to gallantry. And although the duke was awarded to the younger man, and rightly so, the scribe hereby sends his personal laurel wreath to the warrior who returned to the wars. And I'll deliver it myself to Peleclinic Hospital, even if I have to wait on the front steps until Brady recovers from his beating."

Kid Brady, lying in his hospital bed, liked that. He felt fine, despite the pain. You should have heard him yell for the nurse. "Get me a pair of scissors, and make it snappy. I want to clip this cut and wind it to my leg, before he gets off that Saipan Island and starts after more Japs."

Yester, he felt fine. It did a man good to have a fighting son. Once a fighter always a fighter. Soon as he got out of the hospital, he'd get a job conditioning fighting kids. The Army could always use a man who knew fighting.

## THESE BOYS ARE GIVING THEIR ALL

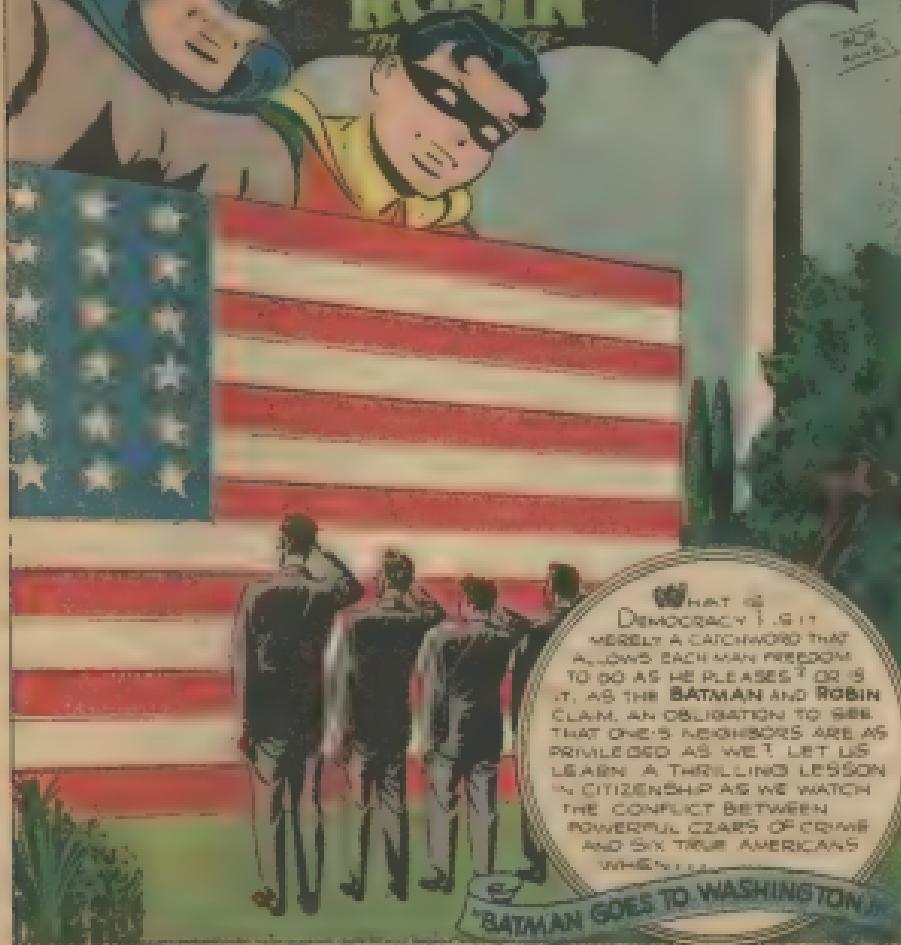


Let's Do Our Bit  
By Buying MORE  
WAR BONDS  
Then We Can  
Afford

BATMAN

# BATMAN

WITH  
ROBIN



WHAT IS  
DEMOCRACY? IS IT  
MERELY A CATCHWORD THAT  
ALLOWS EACH MAN FREEDOM  
TO DO AS HE PLEASES? OR IS  
IT, AS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN  
CLAIM, AN OBLIGATION TO SEE  
THAT ONE'S NEIGHBORS ARE AS  
PRIVILEGED AS WE? LET US  
LEARN A THRILLING LESSON  
IN CITIZENSHIP AS WE WATCH  
THE CONFLICT BETWEEN  
POWERFUL CZARS OF CRIME  
AND SIN, TRUE AMERICANS  
WHEN...

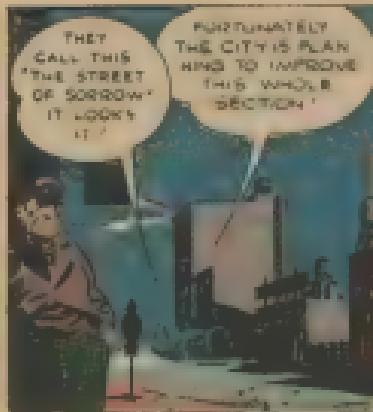
"BATMAN GOES TO WASHINGTON"



## BATMAN



TWILIGHT  
AND THE  
BATMOBILE  
WINDS  
THROUGH  
A SECTION  
IN WHOSE  
SHADDED  
ALLEY-  
WAYS  
LINGER  
THE  
OUTCASTS  
AND  
DEBRISCTS  
OF A  
GREAT  
CITY...



## BATMAN

LATER THAT EVENING AT  
BRUCE WAYNE'S HOME...

DANNY IS REALLY A SKILLED  
WORKER... BECAUSE HE'S AN  
EX-CON, HE CAN'T GET A  
JOB. THERE ARE LOTS LIKE  
HIM, BUT NOBODY'LL GIVE  
THEM A CHANCE  
TO GO STRAIGHT.

AND THERE'S  
A PROPOSED TO  
BE A UNPOWERED  
THREAT...

DICK SOMETHING  
OUGHT TO BE DONE  
TO HELP THOSE MEN  
WHO'VE PAID THEIR DEBT  
TO SOCIETY AND WANT  
TO GO STRAIGHT. AND  
THE BATMAN IS DOING  
TO START THE BALL ROLLING  
BY PRESENTING THE  
MATTER TO THE PUBLIC  
OVER THE RADIO.

AND THE FOLLOWING DAY...

THE GREAT LESSON OF  
DEMOCRACY IS THAT ALL  
MEN ARE CREATED  
EQUAL. WHY THEN  
SHOULD ANYONE CON-  
TINUE TO SUFFER FOR A  
MISTAKE AFTER THIS  
DEBT HAS BEEN PAID?



AND IN A CERTAIN DIVE OF SHADY REPUTATION...

... TODAY, THERE  
IS NO REASON  
WHY ANY MAN  
SHOULD BE FORCED  
INTO CRIME. OUR  
FACTORIES NEED  
WORKERS BADLY.

THE BATMAN'S  
RIGHT! IF I  
COULD GET  
A JOB, I'D  
FORGET  
ABOUT THE  
BLACKMAIL  
FOR GOOD.

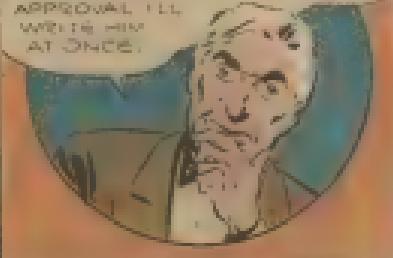
I'D  
LIKE TO  
HELP  
MY  
COUNTRY,  
BUT THEY  
WON'T LET ME.

AND IN WASHINGTON, D.C., A DISTIN-  
GUISHED SENATOR, HENRY K. VANDER-  
COOK, ALSO LISTENS...

... FOR THIS GREAT  
NATION CAN NOT  
ALLOW PREJUDICE  
TO DEFEND TOP  
THE BADLY NEEDED  
TECHNIKS OF THESE  
PEOPLE AT WHICH THESE  
UNWANTED MEN CAN  
PROVE THEIR WORTH  
TO SHADY-BEERS...



... AND BATMAN HAS SUBSTAN-  
TIALLY THE SAME IDEA. WANT, IF  
I COULD INDUCE HIM TO ADDRESS  
THE SENATE WHEN THE MEASURE  
REACHES THE FLOOR, I'M PRE-  
TENDS IS BOUND TO INFLUENCE ITS  
APPROVAL. I'LL  
WRITE HIM  
AT ONCE.



THE NEXT  
MORNING...

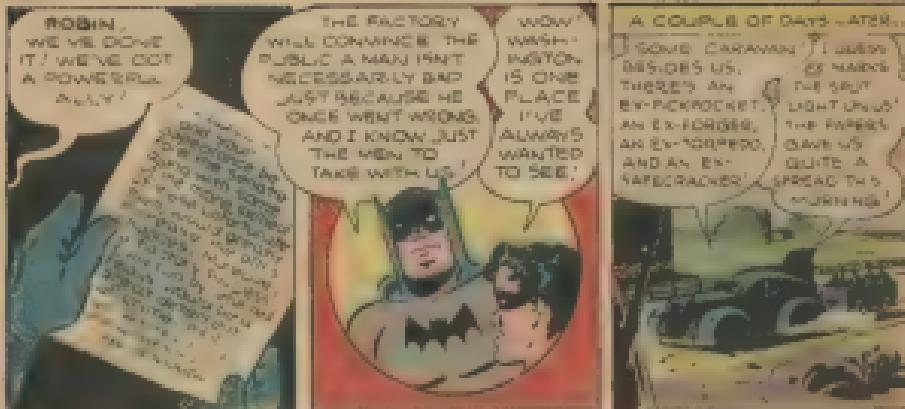
HUNDREDS OF LETTERS,  
MOSLY FROM EX-CROOKS  
WHO WANT TO GO  
STRAIGHT! THEY  
ALL THINK YOU'RE  
A GREAT GUY,  
BATMAN!

WHY, HERE'S A  
LETTER FROM  
SENATOR  
VANDERCOOK!  
HE WANTS ME  
TO GO TO  
WASHINGTON!



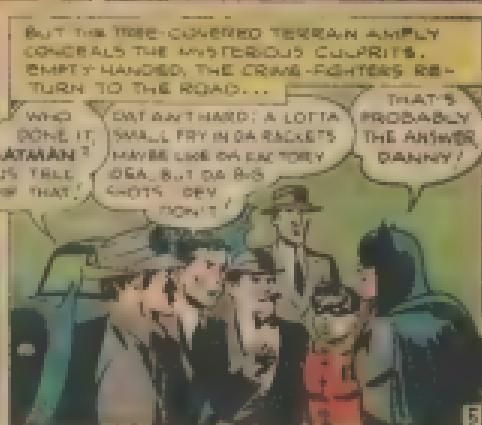
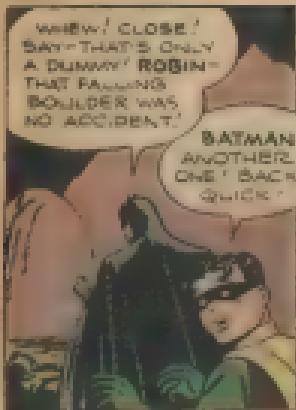


## BATMAN

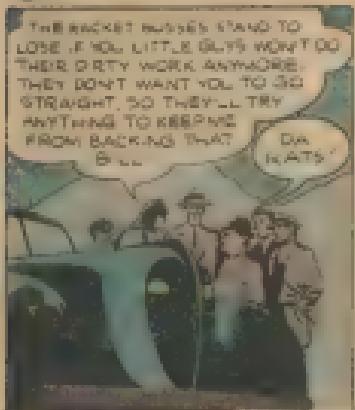




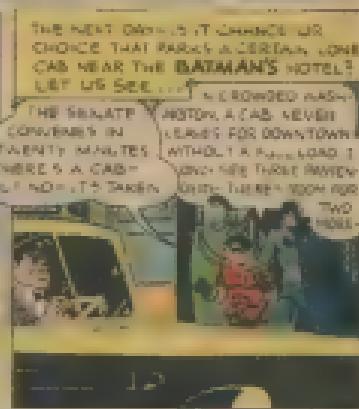
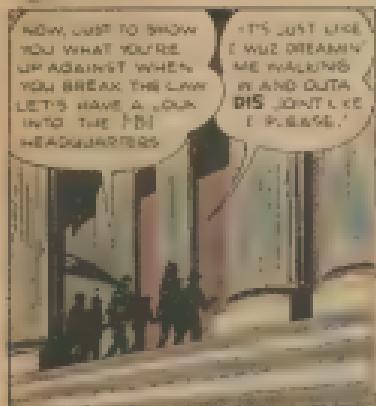
## BATMAN



# BATMAN



## BATMAN



# BATMAN

LATER... IN A WAREHOUSE ON THE CAPITAL'S OUTSKIRTS, CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS TO THE CRIME FIGHTERS...

JOHN DREY: "SO YOU HAD THAT ATTACK ON THE MOONLIGHT THE OTHER DAY?"

I LOVED AS IF YOUR SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS IS NOT GOING TO MATERIALIZE BATMAN!"

THIS VAULT WAS ONCE USED TO STORE VALUABLE MATERIALS. ONCE THE STEEL DOOR IS CLOSED IT BECOMES AIR-TIGHT, AND IN A FEW HOURS... YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN? AND WE'LL BE IN THE SENATE GALLERY WHILE A CERTAIN BILL IS DEFEATED!

"GOOD THING I'VE GOT THIS IN MY POCKET IF IT ONLY WORKS..."

"SO... YOU'RE GOING TO THE SENATE GALLERY TO GLOAT EH?"

"THAT GETS YOUR GLOAT, DOESN'T IT? IF YOU'LL FORGIVE THE PLUN..."

"DON'T, BATMAN! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE! THEY'LL KILL YOU!"

"HEY!"  
"WHAT, YOU THINK?"

"I WANT SOIL MY HANDS ON YOU, BATMAN. THERE'LL BE SATISFACTION ENOUGH FOR ME IN THE SENATE SESSION TODAY. AND BY THE TIME IT'S OVER, YOUR RAGE WILL HAVE COOLED OFF GOOD!"

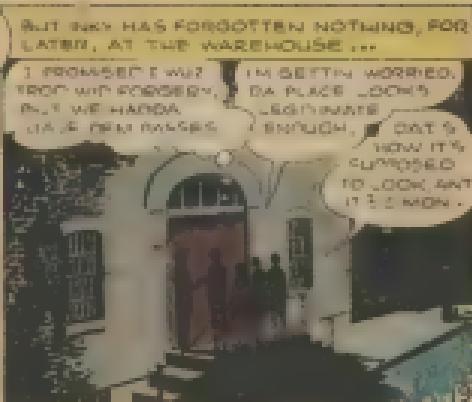
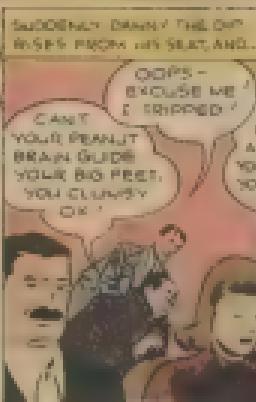
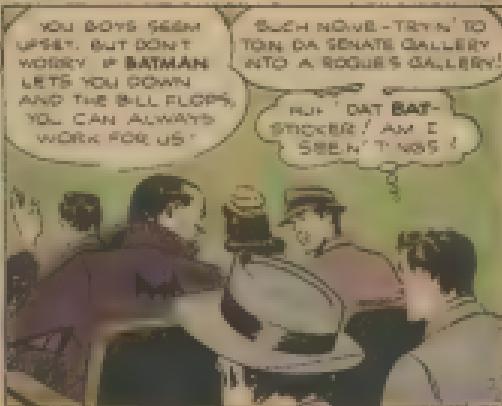
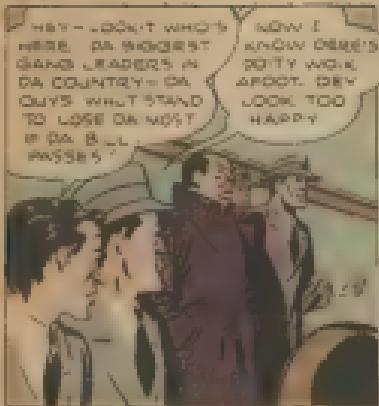
AND SO, THE GREAT STEEL DOOR CLADS SALT, AND SETS THE SEAL OF DOOM ON BATMAN AND ROBIN... MIGHTY CLEVER PLANNING THIS WAREHOUSE THROUGH A DUMMY CORPORATION. NO ONE CAN GET BY THE GUARD WITHOUT A GOVERNMENT SEAL AND OFFICIAL COMING TO CHECK. OUR MONEY'S WORTH. NEXT TRIAL WILL NEVER SUSPECT THAT REAR VAULT.

MEANWHILE, IN THE SENATE GALLERY...

"REMEMBER THAT ATTACK ON DA ROAD? I MAYBE DEEPER NOW, BUT I WON SOMETHIN' HE

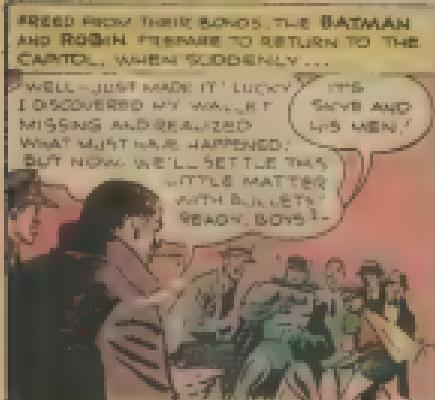
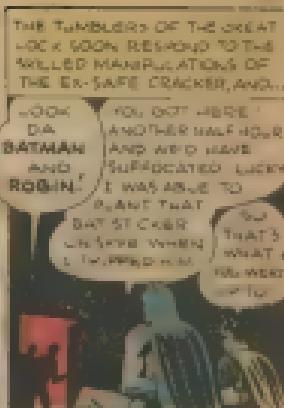
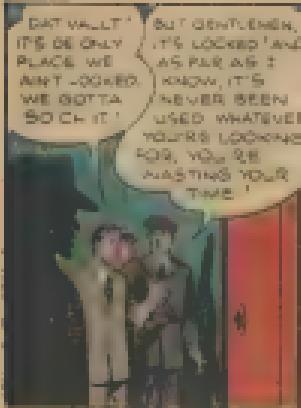
"WOULDN'T LET US DOWN, NOT HIM!"

# BATMAN

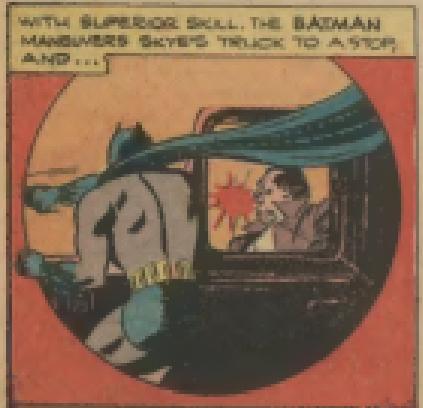




## BATMAN



# BATMAN



## BATMAN

AND SO, THE BATTLE CONCLUDES CONVENIENTLY BUT DECISIVELY ON THE VERY DOORSTEP OF THE FBI...

"OUR OFFICE DONT HAVE ANY EVIDENCE ON THESE BIRDS, BATMAN—BUT THANKS TO YOU, WE CAN TAKE CARE OF THEM NOW FOR A GOOD LONG TIME!"

"ILL LEAVE THEM IN YOUR CARE. WEVE A DATE AT THE CAPITOL—IF IT ISN'T TOO LATE!"



IS IT TOO LATE? IN THE SENATE CHAMBER...

-- AND I MIGHT REMIND THE SENATOR THAT THE BATMAN HAS FAILED TO APPEAR TO SUPPORT THIS ABSURD MEASURE...

ORDER! SENATOR VANDER-COOK. GENTLEMEN, I ASSURE YOU THE BATMAN WILL APPEAR! HAS THE FLOOR...

GENTLEMEN, I HAVE HIS PROMISE...



GENTLEMEN—  
THE BATMAN /  
IS HERE!



AS HONORED GUESTS,  
THE FABULOUS CRIME FIGHTER AND HIS COMPANY ARE INVITED TO ADDRESS THE SENATE FROM THE PLATFORM...

... AND THESE FOUR, JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO, HELPED ARREST SOME OF THE NATION'S LEADING CROOKS! MEN LIKE THESE—AND THERE ARE MANY, EXEMPLIFY THE HUNDREDS OF OTHERS WHO WISH TO ADD THEIR NATION IN ITS FACTORIES...



IN CONCLUSION, GENTLEMEN, I CAN ONLY URGE YOU TO FAVORABLE CONSIDERATION OF THE VANDERCOK MEASURE. THESE MEN WILL NOT FAIL AMERICA! AMERICA SURELY WILL NOT FAIL THEM!



AND AMERICA DOES NOT FAIL THEM!

YEAH... SEEMS LIKE DAT YESTERDAY WE MUZ HEARIN' STRIPES... AN' TODAY WE KIN REACH PER DA STARS!

YEAH... DA STARS AN' STRIPES FOREVER!

POETRY NUTHIN' DAT'S AMERICA!

GEE... DAT'S POETRY!



BATMAN

# JASEY THE COP



ITION...

# SPEEDY ENERGY



The M-8 is a six wheeled, armored greyhound designed for scouting and long range cruising at high speed. Carrying a 37 mm. anti-tank gun and machine gun, the M-8—with energy derived from a powerful motor, can outrun everything it can't outshoot.

"I can even bake luscious Cookies made with Baby Ruth!"

## Baby Ruth SPEEDS FOOD-ENERGY INTO BODY

So often these days, Baby Ruth helps fill the gap for food-energy when fatigue slows down a fighter or worker. Nourishing Baby Ruth is rich in dextrose, natural body sugar that is picked up directly by the bloodstream and used almost immediately for energy. It helps to speed-up activity . . . "perk-up" spirits.



CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 18, ILL.

Recipe on every wrapper



If you cannot find Baby Ruth  
on the candy counter, remember  
Uncle Sam's needs come  
first with us as with you.

